Oh Absolutely

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Oh Absolutely

by Ryumako

Summary

Mako goes on a date with Gamagoori, only to make a very important realization -she's not straight! Giddy with excitement, she calls up Ryuko to tell her the important news.

Notes

PLEASE READ - The first chapter was written as satire for the ship ira/mako (something I do not ship). I wrote it around July 29th. If you actually like ira/mako as a ship, this story is not for you. This is the reason I didn't put the story in the Gamagoori Ira/Mankanshoku Mako section.

The second chapter I wrote on the date this story was published. The second chapter is ryumako, and not satire...just kinda humorous/heartfelt.

Misunderstandings

“I’m so glad you’ve agreed to accompany me on this date,” Ira said nervously. “M-Mankanshoku.”

“You’re silly, Gamagoori-senpai.” She kicked a pebble as they walked together. “You can call me Mako.”

“Okay…*Mako*.” He averted his eyes and twiddled his thumbs. “I wasn’t even aware that you had held romantic feelings for me,” He admitted, mumbling quietly. “I mean, obviously I was hoping you did, but you know.” Mako, however, with her selective hearing caught every word. She stopped in her tracks and looked up at him.

“Of course I do! I mean,” She almost stuttered, she was so dumbfounded. “I’m female,” She looked down at her fancy, traditionally female clothes. “And you’re male,” She looked over to him, in his gaudy white tux. “How could I not?”

The man blushed visibly. She grabbed onto his arm, smiling, and they began walking again. “You gave me flowers.” She smirked. “I’m *pretty* sure that sealed the deal.” She nudged him playfully.

“You like flowers?” He smiled an uncharacteristically dorky smile.

She brought her free hand to her chin. “I guess so,” She said. “But it’s the thought that counts, right? A romantic gesture like that? Everyone would hate me if I even *thought* about refusing! I’m not about to think for myself, you know.”

Gamagoori was about to object before she interrupted him again. “Anyway!” She stopped and turned to face him. “What do you want to do next?”

He dropped it. “Well, a-actually,” He stuttered. “We’ve been walking in the direction of my house.”

Mako gasped. “Gamagoori-senpai’s *house*!?” He almost let himself feel bad before she continued. “I’ve never even seen it! I bet it’s really fancy, what with you being an Elite and all.”

Ira took a moment to straighten out his ego. “W-Why of course! My place is certainly one of the most lavish granted by lady Satsuki herself,” He spoke proudly.

“So you live alone then?” She questioned.

“No, I live with my mother,” He said. “B-But! She isn’t home right now.”

Mako blinked at him, her expression blank. “Okay!” She said, putting on a smile.

They continued walking in the direction they had been, except now in silence. An awkward silence, Ira noted mentally; one of the most uncomfortable silences he had ever experienced. Frantically, he searched his mind for conversation topics that they hadn't already covered over dinner. He admitted defeat to himself, briefly thinking to himself maybe they didn't actually have that much in common. He glanced down at the much, much shorter girl, who seemed to be distracted by her own thoughts. Mako noticed him look at her, and she smiled politely up at him.

Ira, momentarily sidetracked, hit his head against a branch of one of the many trees that adorned his front yard. Mako, not being as distracted or nearly as freakishly tall, did not make the same mistake. She was startled, asking him if he was alright. He desperately scrounged for his dignity, insisting he was okay, but *fuck did that hurt*.

"We're here, anyway," He changed the subject, rubbing his forehead.

"Ooh!" Mako gasped, looking up at the mansion-like house. "I would've expected nothing less."

Ira grinned nervously, and then ushered her up the path to the front door. "After you," He insisted, because chivalry is always in style. She looked at his extended arms and then to the direction he was suggesting, shrugging, and began walking, him following close behind.

He unlocked the door and they stepped into the house. Mako was straight away distracted by the new surroundings, whereas Ira wasn't positive where to go from there.

"May I take your jacket?" was the first thing out of his mouth.

"Uh, I'm not wearing a jacket." She looked up at him, puzzled. "It's summer."

"Right! Of course," He amended. "Well, uh, my room is right over there if you want to go ahead and make yourself comfortable." He gestured down one of the near hallways. "I have something to take care of, but I will be there in a moment."

Mako was quite a bit taken aback by his forwardness, and therefore was too distracted to ask questions when he rushed out of the foyer. She shrugged, again, and made her way toward the door she thinks was the one he pointed out, considering the gesture was rather vague.

She entered the room somewhat reluctantly. Inside, she found, was certainly his bedroom –a very plain looking room, save for a few glaring and mildly concerning-looking knick-knacks and personal items. She ignored them and sat on the edge of his large bed. She had never seen a bed so big, actually; she wondered how it had been manufactured.

Moments later, Gamagoori stepped into the room, ducking under the doorframe as was accustom. His necktie had been noticeably loosened, the first few buttons of his tux jacket undone, and in his hand he held two wine glasses half-filled with what could be assumed was wine.

"Gamagoori-senpai," Mako spoke. "Is that wine?"

He straightened his back, his hair grazing the ceiling. “Why, yes! Only the finest, as you can assume.” He stepped towards her. “Funded by lady Satsuki herself, as she is aware of my affinity for good wine.” He extended his arm toward her, offering her one of the two glasses.

“I’m…” She started, staring at the liquid. “under the legal drinking age.” She looked up at his face. “You knew that, didn’t you?”

Ira was stunned. How could it have slipped his mind that she was three and a half entire years younger than him, certainly not twenty years old like himself. He looked at the glass in his hand, to her surprised face, and back at the glass again, completely unsure of what to do next.

“O-Of course!” He spoke, finally, shuffling to set the glasses down on the nearby dresser. “I had simply forgotten. You simply seem too mature for your age.”

“I do?” She tilted her head. Even she didn’t buy it.

“Certainly,” He said. He then sat down on the bed next to her, immediately creating a gigantic dent due to his weight, and subsequently accidentally causing Mako to lean into him. He blushed, instinctively scooting away, only to cause the girl to fall onto her side completely. He scrambled for a moment, offering her his hand to help her sit up. She accepted it, smiling hesitantly.

Mako moved to sit up completely, her hand still in his. He was looking down at her again, some evident form of determination in his expression, something vaguely threatening in the way that his thick eyebrow twitched. She stared at him, and then to her hand, which he squeezed tighter in response. Suddenly, he was leaning toward her, and she sat frozen. He brought his free hand to her face, using just one gigantic finger to tilt her chin upward. Cautiously, he pressed his lips to hers.

She was completely caught off guard and did not move, her eyes widening and muscles tensing by the second. He began to work his lips against hers and she found she had no idea what to do –move her own in response? His lips were incredibly thick and covered hers almost completely, and frankly she felt suffocated. Soon enough, however, he pulled back, scanning her eyes.

She was still incredibly surprised, but she grinned nicely and spoke, “Maybe we should try that again?”

Ira nodded enthusiastically, and this time they both leaned in toward each other. Still, his lips covered hers, and no matter which way she tried to work her mouth, she just couldn’t quite get it. He took her movement as encouragement, however, and used his tongue to spread her lips and slide the muscle into her mouth. Mako gasped, her eyes flying open. She then saw his expression, his eyes closed and eyebrows knitted together with passion, and slowly slid her own eyes back shut, again trying to work with him.

Still though, however she tried to figure it, his giant tongue was sliding down the back of her throat, and she could hardly breathe. An unexpected noise of surprise escaped from her throat. Further encouraged, he briefly straddled her before moving her into a pinned position

on the mattress, not once breaking contact. Still, she put her heart into it, wanting to feel whatever it was the man above her was obviously feeling.

Almost as quickly as she had thought that, however, she retracted the idea as she felt something on the inside of her leg. Oh. Oh, *my god*. Was that…

She scrambled noticeably beneath him, putting her hands against his chest, effectively getting him to detach his mouth from her face. Still, they were both breathless, and still, he was grinding his disgusting boner against her thigh for all that he was worth.

"G-Gama…Gamagoori-senpai, stop!" She twisted under him, scooting away.

"W-What?" He panicked. "Did I hurt you?! I'm sorry!"

She stared at him from the other side of the mattress, not able to pry her eyes from the monstrous tent he was pitching. "I-I…" She stuttered. "I…I'm gay." She breathed. "I'm really, *really* gay, Gamagoori-senpai."

"What? But you-"

"I'm gay! Goodness, that makes so much sense." She smacked her own forehead, chuckling to herself.

"Are you just now figuring this out?!"

"Yeah!" She smiled at him. "And you helped me! Thank you a *ton*, Gamagoori-senpai!" She gasped loudly, making another sudden realization. "Oh my gosh, I've got to call Ryuko-chan!"

She sprung up from the bed, grabbing her phone from her pocket and dialing it on her way out the door. Before she exited completely, however, she lingered in the doorway, bidding Ira with "Thank you for the night, senpai!" Stopping, for a moment, "And for everything else!"

He sat there for a moment, beyond astonished, and still very hard to his own embarrassment. Down the hallway, he heard, "Hey, Ryuko-chan! Guess what!"

Sexuality

Chapter Summary

Ryuko is a very good listener.

“Mako?” Ryuko picked up on the other line. “What are you doing calling this late? Are you coming home soon? Do you need a ride?” She said quickly before pausing, a new thought occurring to her. “Are you staying at Gamagoori’s for the night?” Something had changed in her tone.

“No, no, well yes, I will need a ride!” She gasped. “But guess what!”

“Huh? What is it?” She asked as she was already slipping on a shoe, getting ready to go pick her up.

“I think I’m gay!” She said happily. “Gamagoori-senpai helped me figure it out.”

“Gama…helped you…” Her brain computed. “I…what? You’re gay?”

“Yeah! I just realized it…” She spoke. “You were the first I called.”

Ryuko felt a bit flattered, but also had many, many questions. “Mako, I’m coming to pick you up. We can talk about it then, alright?”

“Alrighty, Ryuko-chan!” She was practically giddy. “I’ll be waiting outside –or, on second thought, I’ll start walking from Gamagoori-senpai’s house. Could you just find me along the way?”

She paused. “Of course. Be there soon.” She promptly hung up and then finished fastening her white shoes. She grabbed the car keys and was just on her way out the door before Satsuki stopped her.

“Where are you going at this hour?” She asked curiously, rather than demandingly. She was really getting better at being less inherently threatening.

“Mako needed me to pick her up,” She answered simply, looking eager to leave.

Satsuki smirked. “Alright, just be back soon. I need the car.”

“For what?” She shot back. “You know what, never mind, I gotta get going. Be back soon.”

With that, Ryuko closed the door behind her before her sister had the chance to respond. She quickly located their vehicle in the apartment complex’s lot, swiftly swung into the driver’s

side seat, successfully started it, and began pulling out.

She knew the relative location of Gamagoori's house; she'd been by once or twice on occasion in recent for various reasons (two incredible parties, she had to hand it to him). Despite the fact that she had not been the one driving, she was more than capable of finding her way.

The general direction of his residence was a good ten minutes away, giving her a chunk of thinking time she wasn't sure she wanted and didn't know she needed. Had she heard Mako right on the phone? Was she really gay? Why was it even important?

How did she feel about this? Well, that was evident enough –she was practically shaking in excitement, though she couldn't exactly pinpoint why. She was nervous, anxious…mostly, craving a bit more of an explanation. What if she had been joking? For some reason, the thought caused a pang of negative emotion.

Ryuko was aware of what that night had been intended to be. Actually, she was too aware for her own good. Mako had agreed to go on a romantic date with Gamagoori. She had had no place to stop her, in fact, as a good best friend, she had encouraged her, bade her good luck, even. Still, something about it had made her sick, a feeling she hadn't shared with anyone.

As early as Ryuko had moved in with Mako before she had defeated Ragyo even, she had informed Mako that she was gay. She knew she didn't *have* to, but she had wanted to. She herself had known for quite a while about her own homosexuality, before even coming to Honnouji (doesn't mean she had outright acknowledged it, though. Frankly she had more important things to worry about). Given, she hadn't had any sort of romantic partner ever, but that fact held no bearing on her inherent gayness.

Mako had been the best with handling the information –accepting, yet not too overbearing. She had given her a big hug and assured her, "I like Ryuko-chan just the way she is, no matter which gender she likes to do sexy things with!" Okay, she had blushed at that. She was blushing even now, alone in her car. She shook her head and pushed the gas only a tad harder.

As she neared where Mako might be, she found herself mentally scrambling to collect her thoughts and come up with something to tell her when she got into the car. Something endearing, encouraging, but not too forward…wait, what exactly was she trying to accomplish here?

Suddenly, she spotted Mako walking along the street, alone, visible by streetlight. She pulled over quickly near the sidewalk, and decided last minute that she would let her do the initial talking, which, let's be real, she was probably going to do regardless.

Mako smiled brightly when she saw the car pull up near her, and quickly got inside. "Ryuko-chan!" She said happily, throwing her arms around the girl, despite her being in the driver's seat, not even facing her enough to return the hug properly. Ryuko patted her arm, and she settled back easy.

"Ryuko-chan, it's been a wild night!"

Ryuko swallowed. “I bet,” She said quietly, apprehensively almost. She noted Mako had smelled refreshingly like herself, of something like flowers and warmth, but also with a touch of something relatively unfamiliar. A second later, she pinpointed the mystery scent to be that of Gamagoori’s –sweat, mostly, but also something else overbearing she didn’t quite care to distinguish. She frowned.

“I don’t know where to begin,” the shorter girl admitted. “Would you like to hear everything, or would that be boring?”

Ryuko’s eyes widened a little as she began driving again. She considered her words. “Go ahead and tell me all the details,” She decided. “I wanna hear them.”

“Oh, alright then!”

Mako excitedly recalled the details of the first half of the date for the duration of the car ride, inclusive with her own tiny observations, along with her personal thoughts and feelings. Ryuko tried her best to keep her expression outwardly unaffected. Before Mako could finish her recount, however, they had pulled back into their apartment parking lot.

“You can continue telling me all about it when we get inside,” Ryuko said, pulling the key from the ignition. “Satsuki said she needed the car anyway, so we should be alone for a bit, at least.”

“Alright!” She nodded.

The two walked into the apartment together to find Satsuki reclining, watching something intently on the television. Ryuko walked up to her, nonchalantly offering her the car keys.

“Where are you going, anyway?” She questioned as she grabbed them from her.

“Nonon invited me over,” She stated simply.

Ryuko raised an eyebrow suggestively. “I see,” She said in a knowing tone.

Satsuki looked up at her with an unreadable look. “So, Mako, how did your date go?” She asked her, even though she was staring at Ryuko.

“Oh, Satsuki-sama, it was real good!” She said. Satsuki was beginning to get up when Mako continued. “I found out I’m gay!”

The sisters both looked over at Mako at the same time with the same dumbfounded expression. Though, Mako was never one for subtlety. “Alright, Kiryuin, better not keep Nonon waiting!” Ryuko chuckled, practically pushing her sister out the door. Satsuki, however, did not resist and left at her sister’s whim. She shut the door behind her and she leaned against it as though it were well-finished business. “Alright, so where did you leave off?” She smiled warmly.

“Right!” She said. “Well, we had just gotten to his house…”

Mako had continued telling her story as Ryuko grabbed her hand and led her to her room as she talked. Ryuko climbed up on her bed and situated herself sitting with her legs crossed, Mako quickly following her example and made herself comfortable atop the plush mattress, both the girls facing each other. Ryuko then gave her undivided attention to the rest of her retelling of a story it somehow stung to hear, watching fixedly as the emotions on her friend's face changed to suit her words.

"-then he finally came back with wine –wine, of all things, could you believe that? I swear he didn't remember my age- and I nicely reminded him I wasn't old enough! He played it off well enough, I suppose, but the whole thing was really weird." She waved a hand.

Ryuko nodded, agreeing with her reasoning. The entire date sounded off, if you'd asked her.

"But this is where it gets kind of *gross*, actually, and I usually wouldn't use such a mean word as that if I didn't mean it." She suddenly got serious.

"Only tell what you're comfortable with." Ryuko gulped.

"I'm comfortable telling you just about anything, Ryuko-chan." Mako smiled. "I just didn't know if you'd want to hear it, as I mentioned, it's pretty ew."

Ryuko chuckled genuinely. "Then why'd you do it?"

"Because!" She defended. "I didn't really expect it…and I definitely didn't think it'd be *that* ew, which is, by the way, why I'm here!"

"Alright, alright," She reasoned. "Get on with it."

"Well," She started again. "He was looking at me all intensely, you know, the kinda look you give someone you really, *really* want, and then it occurred to me, Gamagoori-senpai really, really wanted *me*!"

The dark haired girl was about to pipe up with something about how, maybe, something like that was to be expected on a date with clearly defined romantic intentions, before Mako continued, "But before I could really say or do anything, he was kissing me! Full on, on the lips!"

Ryuko had anticipated hearing that bit. She assumed it had happened, she expected it to happen before she even watched her leave for the date in the first place. But still, somehow, hearing it from her own mouth affected her a lot more than she had anticipated. "Oh," was all she could say. She felt an impending sense of nausea.

"Yeah, I was totally surprised! I didn't even react at first, and I think he felt bad." Ryuko straightened her back a bit.

"But then we tried again, and it still didn't feel quite right! I mean, his entire mouth covered mine, I didn't even know what to do," She admitted. "He seemed to be enjoying himself though, I think, because he put his tongue in my mouth kinda suddenly."

"*Oh*," Ryuko uttered, staring down at the sheets.

“Ryuko-chan?” The brunette waved her hand in front of her face. “You alright? Is this too graphic?” She tilted her head.

“No, go on.” She put on a smile.

“Hm, okay!” She put a finger to her chin in thought. “Right, well, he had his tongue in mouth and I just didn’t know what to do. He continued anyway –he crawled on top of me! I was pinned under…how much does Gamagoori-senpai even weigh, exactly? Anyway, I was under *a lot* of man, and that wasn’t something I could just take my mind off of. Oh, Ryuko-chan, I practically felt suffocated!”

Something about the way she phrased that triggered some feeling inside of her, some sort of protective mechanism, even though the events in her story had already occurred. The impulse dissipated into a sympathetic gesture, as she placed a supportive hand on the girl’s shoulder. Mako smiled receptively.

“Anyway,” She continued. “Just as I thought, okay, maybe I can handle this, maybe I can attempt to reciprocate whatever this was exactly, I felt…*something*,” She glanced downwards, gesturing suggestively. “I felt it, senpai’s…*man meat*, through his pants, on my inner thigh!”

“Mako, *oh my god*.” Ryuko shook her head.

“I know, I know!” She exclaimed. “I totally freaked out! I tried to squirm out from under him, but he just kept moving against me!”

“He…what?” She became very serious. “Mako, he didn’t stop after you had made it obvious you wanted him to?”

“No, no, it wasn’t like that, exactly,” She explained. “I don’t think he actually knew, until I started pushing on him.”

“…okay.” She was still rightfully concerned. “So what happened next?”

“Well, I finally got to scooting out from under him, and I was pretty dazed. It was all pretty confusing. I mean, normal teenage girls would enjoy that sort of thing, right? Normal teen girls have sex drives, don’t they?” She spoke softer. “And it all made sense to me then. I’m gay. That must be it!”

“Oh, Mako.” She smiled sympathetically. “That doesn’t necessarily mean you’re *gay*,” She said. A large part of her conscience didn’t want to go about what she was about to go about explaining, but the better part of her conscience spurred her to go on. “If you’re not feeling regular sexual attraction, you might just be asexual.”

“Asexual?” She looked up at her curiously. “What’s that?”

“Exactly what it sounds like,” She explained with a lower tone. “An asexual is a person who doesn’t experience sexual attraction to other people of any gender.”

“Oh, but I’m sure I’m not that, I’ve experienced sexual attraction! More than once!” She interjected. “To girls, to be specific. Actually, before my date today, I just kinda assumed I was bisexual. But now…now I’m pretty sure I’m gay.”

Ryuko blinked; it was a lot of information at once. “You thought you were bisexual?”

“Actually, I wasn’t too sure about that, either,” She admitted. “I’m sorry, I’m being confusing again! To be honest, it’s all very confusing in of itself.” She sighed. “I’ve felt attraction to other girls before, that’s for sure,” She explained. “But the only concrete sexual attraction I’ve ever felt was for *one* girl.” She blushed uncharacteristically. “And that was after I got to know her, you know, as a person.”

“Oh.” Again, Ryuko was feeling a variety of different indistinguishable emotions. “You might be what they call a ‘demisexual’, then.”

“I’m sorry, Ryuko-chan,” Mako laughed. “I really don’t know that much about this stuff – what does that mean?”

“A demisexual is someone who experiences sexual attraction only after they’ve established an emotional bond with a person,” She stated simply.

“That could be it, too!” She pondered. “But, you know, I have a lifetime to define myself.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” Ryuko agreed, shifting her position on the bed slightly. There was an unusual silence between them as she tried to find the right words to say next.

However, her short train of thought was broken. “Ryuko-chan, how do you know so much about sexuality?”

“I did a lot of research when I was feeling confused, too.” She blushed. “After a lot of digging around in definitions and labels, I determined I was just *gay*, to put it simply.”

Ryuko briefly recalled how assured she had felt reading over so many labels, actually, and however overwhelming it might have been, it was indescribably nice to know that for once, she wasn’t alone in the world, even if it was about something such as sexuality. She shook her head. Something Mako had said pressed at the back of the mind the second it entered into her head, something about her being attracted to a girl.

“Mako…” She got her attention.

“Hm?”

“You don’t have to answer, but I’m just curious,” She began. “Who was this girl you said you were attracted to? Do I know her?”

“Oh, you might.” Mako looked up at her with a knowing expression. She quickly became amused at the obvious determination in Ryuko’s expression, her commitment to getting an answer, and decided to be a bit more forward. “Ryuko-chan…” She chuckled quietly. While she was already looking into her eyes, she leaned forward, closer, glanced down at her lips, closer even, until there was no space between them.

Ryuko felt it then, as if all her questions had been answered at once; why she had felt such intense bad feelings the entire day regarding the situation with her and Gamagoori, why she hung on every last word on the subject to come out of Mako's mouth, and why she willingly subjected herself to the emotions that came with her reactions, however unstable they may be. She liked Mako, she *really* liked Mako, and if she hadn't closed her eyes to indulge in the opportunity she was currently being given, she might even had looked at her with, you know, the kinda look one gives someone they really, *really* want.

Mako pulled back, and Ryuko was left with a dorky grin on her face. "Me?"

She smiled up at her, her eyes shining, and nodded in confirmation.

Ryuko sighed in relief. "Oh, good."

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